

THE LADY'S  
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

\* To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
\* To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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[NUMBER XV.]

From the Lady's (London) Museum.

ON MARRYING A FASHIONABLE  
WIFE.

(Concluded.)

INSTEAD of my little Emily proving any restraint upon her mother's pleasures, the confinement necessary upon the birth of an infant, seemed to have given her a greater relish for dissipation and expence. Whole days actually elapsed without Mrs. B——'s even going into the nursery, so completely was her time occupied in *amusement and dress*. As my family increased, my establishment, of course, was augmented: my wife condescended to *pay* without *examining* the bills; and, from the inattention and extravagance of the woman in whose hands I had placed my happiness, I soon found that my income was by no means adequate to my expence.\*

Severely, Mr. Editor, did I regret having married a woman of *fortune*, particularly one whose ideas were so uncongenial to my own; yet it was impossible to feel wholly indifferent to the being who had made me the father of a lovely girl, and two no less engaging sons. Frequently had I remonstrated against the extravagance of her conduct, which had compelled me to mortgage the estate for six thousand pounds; and finding she would not take the trouble of investigating into the concerns of the family, I reluctantly resolved to take the office upon myself. The impositions I discovered could scarcely be credited. No longer was I

astonished at our being involved in debt; for, instead of my wife's having examined the accounts of our tradesmen, she paid them without looking over a single bill. When I condemned this impropriety of conduct, the reply I received was "*She would never be a clerk*: it was her house-keeper's business to see we were not cheated, and that she would rather lose two guineas a week, than examine the accounts."

The half of Mrs. B——'s fortune had been settled upon her at our marriage, and the other half I vested in the hands of trustees, for my children, never intending that my establishment should exceed the amount of my rents. The extravagance of my wife, however, had overturned my prudent projects. I could not support the idea of being in debt: the consequence of this was, that my estate was mortgaged for upwards of six thousand pounds. To pay off this sum, I considered as a duty I owed my children: I therefore proposed residing in Germany for three or four years. To this proposal Mrs. B—— at first strongly objected; but at length, with some reluctance, she complied with it.

I advertised my house and furniture to be let for the space of three or four years. A variety of applications were immediately made; and, after arranging all my affairs in the most satisfactory manner, we set off in a travelling coach, with a man and three maids. Frankfort was the spot which I had pitched upon for my residence; as several English families of my acquaintance had made it their

place of abode. In the next house to us resided a Polish family; and I soon had the mortification of observing that Harriet was particularly pleased with the attentions of their son. Of all the men I had been acquainted with, Count Polinski was the least calculated to inspire jealousy. The figure of the immortal Pope was not a greater antidote to love; and those who beheld him, might have said, with the sprightly Lady Mary Wortly Montague,

But how shouldst thou by Beauty's form be mov'd?

No more for *loving made*, than to be *lov'd*.  
It was the equity of righteous Heaven  
That such a *soul* to such a *form* was given!  
When God created *thee*, one would believe,  
He said the same, as to the *snake of Eve*:  
"To human race, *antipathy* declare;  
"Twixt *them* and *thee* be everlasting war."

Though the person of the Count was at once imperfect and insignificant, yet, by obsequious attentions to my wife, I soon perceived he had obtained her good opinion; though I did not suffer myself to believe it possible that he could supplant me in her heart.

*Vanity* was a failing that I despised in a female; but in my own sex I considered it as an imperfection not to be borne; yet, when I drew a comparison between myself and Count Polinski, it was impossible for me to entertain any fears. In those attentions which every wife has a right to claim from her husband, I had never been deficient, in the most trivial affairs; for, feeling that I owed my independence to her, I knew she was enti-



tled to *civility*, though she had lost my esteem.

It has been remarked that *jealousy* is the concomitant of *affection*; and as I certainly felt but a small portion of that sentiment, it was some time before my fears were roused. In short had I not accidentally seen a letter directed to my rival, Heaven only knows how long he might have carried on an intrigue. The opening a letter I had always considered as so dishonourable an action, that I could not even bear the idea of breaking the seal of one of my wife's; I therefore took up the packet, which had excited a sentiment far different from curiosity, and hastening to her apartment, entreated her to read its contents.

"I knew not, (said I) Harriet, that you and Count Polinski corresponded; and I am persuaded you value your honour too much, to have made use of an expression in this letter which would call a blush upon your cheeks; yet, as I was a stranger to this intercourse having been kept up between you, I entreat you to read it to me, if you value my peace."

"And pray, Sir, what right have you to doubt the *propriety* of my conduct?" enquired Harriet, with an embarrassment she in vain endeavoured to conceal. "Do I ever inquire into the nature of *your various correspondence*? or have you ever treated me with that *confidence* which is *due to a wife*? The letter which has called forth suspicions so *injurious* to my honour, (for suspicious you certainly are, though you would wish to blind my eyes) merely contains a copy of verses I promised to write for Count Polinski; but as you have thought proper to doubt the rectitude of my actions, I am resolved not to break the seal." So saying, she endeavoured to thrust the letter into her pocket; but snatching it out of her hand, I prevented the design; and, rendered desperate by the sarcastic tone in which she had addressed me, I tore upon the letter, which contained indubitable proofs of my disgrace.

The scene which followed, would afford but little entertainment to my readers; it was such a one as their imagination may easily conceive. I readily relinquished fifteen hundred a-year to her, and a formal separation soon took place. To the Count, as I suspected, she openly flew for protection. My children now alone afforded me delight; their mother had never displayed any natural affection for them: but I resolved to prevent them from feeling the loss they had sustained.

By a strict adherence to economy, in the course of five years I was relieved from embarrassment. My happiness now consists in the cultivation of my children's minds; yet, formed as my disposition is, for conjugal felicity, how bitterly, Mr. Editor, do I regret the conduct of my wife! That many young men have entered into a conjugal engagement, without feeling their affections warmly interested, is a truth which daily experience proves; but I hope that my story may act as a beacon to caution those who are entering upon the theatre of life, from marrying a woman merely in compliance with the wishes of their friends; as happiness in the conjugal state is only to be expected from a similarity of disposition and taste. I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient and very  
humble servant,  
CHARLES B—

For the Lady's Miscellany.

To Mr. DONALD.

Sir,

"He who will dance must pay the piper," says the proverb; and I find it so; for I have dashed myself into a fine scrape, and, by endeavouring to do you a favor, have procured your ill will. However, since I am in, I must get out again

as well as I can; but it will be a beacon for ignorant men like me, to guide themselves by, to beware of engaging such a Diogenes' as you "*seem to be*." It was my intention to prevent the critics from burning their fingers, and lo! I am charg'd with being a critic myself, when I simply assumed the task of an eulogist. I am sincerely sorry to have irritated you so; but it cannot be helped now.—"Every mother thinks her own child the fairest," and you, doubtless think the same, for you seem inclining to jealousy, by branding me with such hard names—and appear fearful lest people should think better of my Ode than of yours; or should not attribute to you that merit you so highly deserve. I say the Pindaric has gained "unbounded admiration,"—and still hold to my hypothesis that yourself alone ought to "*guide the lyric quill*"—because you, being a true son of the muses, will, doubtless, be as much displeased with the intrusion of others, as you seem to be with mine. But if I was a little incoherent in some strains, you ought to excuse it, in consideration of its being my first attempt, and done to oblige you;—besides, as I then told you, I was so completely enraptured by reading yours, that I found it very difficult to arrange my ideas in any order whatever. You wish me to point out a few passages of superior merit; why, I could as well tell what part of the sun shines brightest; and it would ill become the pen of an eulogist, whose business is solely to commend the whole united, to be pointing out beauties and blemishes, especially where they would be so difficult to be distinguished, as in the Ode in question.

If you are at all suspicious for its fate, and feel conscious of any glaring defects, you should not be angry with the world for discerning them, let me think as well of it as I please.

I say again "that *pure unadulterated poetry is the essence of the sublime*." But if you think yours can lay no claim to the encomiums put upon it, I cannot help



it; I have used my endeavors to make the world think well of it; and if possible to prevent any more "hurly-burly songsters" presuming to trouble people with their vile trash so long as a genius like yours can be found.

If you at all thought me jesting you certainly did mistake; I positively declare I was very serious, though I am in a pleasant humor—and the more so as I feel myself not a little flattered by your condescension in writing to me—especially if the expression "there are some stanzas in the Ode which a Milton or a Shakespeare would not have been ashamed to own," is intended as a compliment to me, I confess it is more than my vanity had dared to aspire to. But, on the other hand, if it has reference to yours, you would have done well to have distinguished those parts that the public might know you had borrowed them; and the only "arguments" or "authority" necessary to support them will be candidly attributing them to their originally authors.

Yours, most sincerely,

P.

N. B. By your alluding so often to barbers and their poles, one might be led to suppose you somewhat allied to them; but if not you may find M'Fingal's pole, by applying to a neighbouring state—unless they have cut it down for the want of a proper character to erect it on.

#### ANECDOTES.

A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance, that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him, by letter, to send something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The

Doctor told them that they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send some *pills*, which, he believed, would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put *ten guineas* into a chip box, with the following label, "These must be used as your necessities require: be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with the prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found that it contained a remedy superior to any thing that Galen, or all his pupils, could have administered for her relief.

The following shews how dreadful the Lords of the Inquisition are to the poor Spaniards.

An Inquisitor desiring to eat some pears that grew in a poor man's garden, not far from his own dwelling, sent for the man to come and speak with him. This message put the poor man in such a fright, that he fell sick immediately, and kept his bed. Being told, however, that the pears were the cause of his being sent for, he caused his tree to be cut down and carried to the Inquisitor's house, protesting that he would not keep any thing about him which should give occasion to their lordships to send for him any more.

A lady who had not received a very liberal education, or rather, who had not profited by the opportunities afforded her in polite society, of making amends for the want of early instruction, was frequently guilty of vulgarisms in expression which did not always pass unnoticed. She was invited to join a large party, and card tables being placed, she was asked if she would make one in a rubber at whist; she answered, with a curtesy, that she seldom played *visk*, that she played *vonce*, and then they *von* all she *was vorth*, so she preferred *kadrill*. A pool at quadrille was of course immediately formed, and after a deal or two, this lady having a better hand than usual, when it came to her turn to speak, said, "I ax."—"Bless me, madam!" said a wicked young spark, whose turn came next, "I had a most d-lightful hand, but your *ax* has cut it to pieces."

I lately read an account of a man in Milan, who, during the first sixty years of his life, had never been beyond the walls of the city; yet when the Duke, hearing of it, sent him a peremptory command never to go out of its gates during his life, he, that before had not any inclination so to do, died of grief at being denied the liberty of doing it.

#### QUESTION.

Why is a tallow chandler the most criminal as well as the most unfortunate of men?

#### ANSWER.

Because all his deeds are wicked and all his wicked deeds are brought to light.

#### SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

A circumstance occurred at the menagerie at Schœnbrunn, in Germany, which deserves the attention of naturalists.—A Bengal tyger, usually fed with butcher's meat, is at certain periods, (when liable to a disorder common to him, an ophthalmy) given living animals, the warm blood of which is supposed to assist his cure. He was given, a few days since, a young dog. At the moment she was thrown in he was lying down, resting his head upon his fore feet. The dog recovered from her first fright, approached him, and began to lick his eyes. The tyger soon found himself so much recovered, that, forgetting his appetite for carnage, he not only spared the little animal, but expressed his gratitude by his caresses. The dog entirely recovered from his alarm, continued to lick the tyger's eyes, and in a few days he was perfectly recovered. From this period, the two animals have lived in the most perfect friendship. Before he touches his food, the tyger always expects that his companion shall partake of the most delicate parts. He bears every thing from her; and even when bitten in play by the dog, he not only manifests no resentment, but continually caresses her.



To the editor of the *Lady's Miscellany*.

SIR,

The enclosed is from *Segur's Influence of Women in Society*. The comparison of the two sexes is well drawn; and throughout justice appears fairly distributed. By inserting it in the *Lady's Miscellany*, you will, I think, oblige many of your readers, and none more than yours, &c.

E.

ALL authors, who have written upon the equality, or the pre-eminence, of the two sexes, have frequently erred by misplacing them. The hand which has regulated this vast universe, has assigned to each its part; each is born for a purpose which it ought to fulfil. If it deviates from that purpose, it infringes upon the general order: it is therefore punished, because it acts counter to the eternal laws, from whence arose that consistency and harmony which nature never suffers to be violated with impunity.

It is not my intention, by opposing to each other, the deficiencies and advantages of the two sexes, to create a strife for superiority between those whom nature meant to harmonize together, and to be to each other, as Milton elegantly expresses it, "an individual solace dear." I shall rather endeavour to examine the place which they ought to fill in the social order, so as not to derange that order. We may then, perhaps, be able to compare them more justly, and to find in them an almost equal portion of qualities adapted to fulfil the functions to which they are respectively called.

It cannot be denied, that the intent of nature, in creating women, has principally been to consecrate them to the employment of mothers. All their qualities seem to announce this sacred destination, and few are their imperfections to hinder its being accomplished. In fact, we may remark, that those errors of inadvertency, of levity, of frivolity, of want of consistency in their ideas, disappear as soon as the object in question is their children. There are few women, who, when they

become mothers, do not lose some faults, and acquire some virtues. The change which takes place at this moment, in the head and heart of a young woman, is one of the most interesting subjects for observation. Is she a coquet, inconstant, carried away by her passions? Has she even exceeded those bounds which virtue prescribes? The moment in which she hears the first cries of her infant, seems to touch a new chord within her, which renders the rest more obscure, and less powerful, which, by a pleasing and prolonged vibration, diffuses a sudden charm throughout every part of her being. It is in the maternal sentiment they shew the most persevering ardour. I have seen women, who could not apparently endure the slightest fatigue, remain whole nights together, watching beside the cradle of their infants, until their death. Agitated by the fear that its spirit might take its flight, they seemed to arrest it by the looks which they cast upon the already cold body. They will thus endure fatigue which most fathers would sink under; and almost always, in this case, vigour, combined with greater indifference, yields to the weakness of the other sex, supported by excess of maternal tenderness and sensibility. It cannot be disputed, that in this impartial sketch, the advantage is entirely on the side of the woman; and this is truly one of the circumstances of life upon which we may establish and fix the point of comparison.

There is still another, that in which love takes possession of the soul. And in my opinion, it is only under these two relations that a parallel can be drawn between the two sexes; that they can be compared together. Without founding our judgment upon any particular example, which could only lead us into error, let us inquire whether women know better how to love than we do. I believe that they surpass us in love, and that we have the superiority over them in friendship. I am certainly far from regarding this amiable sex as strangers to this sentiment, so pleasing, so consolatory, when

it unites us with them. I speak merely of the greater or less degree of perfectibility which women are susceptible of when they experience it; and it is upon this point that I hazard my ideas.

Friendship is a lively attraction, so full of innocence, so pure in its desires, that love can never attain to the same perfection. The one is a devouring passion, a real disease of the soul; the other a soothing transport to it. Friendship, adapted as it were to its own strength, masters without violence, charms without agitating. If the enjoyments of love carry with them, even in their delirium, the sources of its own destruction, those of friendship, less active, more lasting, more frequently repeated, effect their own reproduction. Here is no fatigue, no satiety, as in love, to the soul and the senses. Amiably unreserved, it offers before a demand is made; obtains almost without having desired; it is the bliss of the soul, the image of happiness on earth. And in this sentiment I conceive the fair sex fail in the comparison. I may possibly, by advancing this opinion, have the misfortune to give offence to a sex which I revere, but I believe I have spoken the truth. I know that instances can be adduced against my opinion: but a few rare exceptions afford no argument against a general rule. If a woman be the friend of another woman, self-love, rivalry, interpose between them, changes their sentiments, or secretly apprises them that they are liable to change. Let us then remove nothing out of its proper place: Let us follow the laws of nature. Let women live for maternal affection and for love; and let friendship be to them only the second interest of their lives. It appears, therefore, that the two sexes are equal, but not similar; that they are adapted for different things, in which they attain to an equal degree of perfection; that we may believe that men, by their character, are more fit for friendship; women, more peculiarly formed to feel love; a passion no less rapid in its progress, than short in its duration, and



which, by that very circumstance, seems to have so much analogy with them : but that they bear in their hearts a much more tender sentiment for their children ; that under this relation, they have a consistency which we do not possess ; that their tenderness for the beloved offspring of their nuptial bed, survives not only their love for their husbands, but even the need in which their children stand of them during the weakness of infancy, is manifest : whereas our parental sentiment towards them diminishes when they form a part of society. Nothing, therefore, is more apparent than that the destination of each sex is distinct. The women are born to love us, to console us under our hardships ; we, to love them, and to protect them from every danger. We cannot well enjoy any superiority, but that which is our own. Does one appear great by the mere degradation of another ? There is a kind of superiority which the women ought to preserve over us, and which depends upon their weakness itself, upon the respect which they inspire. It is more easily felt than expressed. There is another which belongs to the dignity of the man, which his companion not only acknowledges, but which she does not even forgive him, if he sacrifices to her. I should still have to speak of benevolence and compassion ; to enquire whether we, or the women, experience, exercise these two sentiments the best. But respecting this question, there can be no difference of opinion. Women, feeling the distresses which they witness, with greater acuteness and promptitude than we do, must naturally lament them more. We have humanity ; they, more tender-hearted, have compassion. The slightest complaint distresses their ear ; an insignificant wound shocks their sight. It seems as if their destination on earth was to soothe and succour. Attracted towards the unfortunate, when we are only moved with their cries, they have already afforded relief, whilst we still hesitate to fly to their assistance. I think I have proved, that, as mothers, lovers,

and compassionate beings, the women have the superiority over us ; and often, even in affairs for which they seem less adapted, as in the art of governing, some of them have displayed talents which might have done honour to the greatest kings. But these particular examples evince nothing with respect to the aggregate. Every thing tends to recal them to the destination for which nature has intended them ; and every thing seems to prescribe to us, not to compare ourselves with them, except in the duties and the sentiments, which are alike common and beneficial to both sexes.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

#### THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

WHAT is immortality, that man should court it, as the untutored virgin flies to him who bears away her heart ? that he should grasp at every arrow that swiftly winnows through the air, to preserve the semblance of his being, when the natural term of life shall be expired. He sees the column rising to the clouds, but to say that in a few short years such a man, or such a hero, once lived on earth. Short as the measure is which completes our days, man fondly courts the looks of the gazing crowd to live a little season in its memory. He stops not here, but boldly forces his perishable bark from off the troubled coast, and founds a rock to last till time shall be no more.

What is a century, or a thousand years, to bear within the boundaries of the human heart ? It encompasses more than the eye can see, or the fond heart can covet in the vast volume of the world. How blest is man, that he should be allowed to think at freedom, on every thing which agitates the natural suavity of the mind, and dwell at leisure on those sad portraits of ourselves which are drawn by the hand of an almighty Master. The

idiot beings ranking with the human race,—alas ! they cannot feed in those delightful meads which are ever stretched before the eye of the thinking man ; they cannot taste the pleasures of the morrow ; the existing moments seem to be their all. Why should we court that which appears to be to numbers “ stale, flat, and unprofitable ? ” Why pen our thoughts, or trace the features of an object, until it lives upon the canvass ? Why tell the pleasures of the world, when we have to dwell amidst them but a few short hours ? Rash mortal ! how should thou know how far thy thread of life is destined to extend ; thy foresight is for created objects, not for plans too vast for earthly dwellings. Then it is thy duty to seek employment for the morrow ; to court the ever-varying object ; to trace the landscapes which are spread through foreign countries ; beneath each varied clime to roam at leisure, and revel mid the choicest sports of nature's children. Look at the monument which towers on high, and boldly fronts the northern blast ; a grateful people raised it to the memory of one who bravely fought his country's battles. He died,\* not in the field of glory ; individual animosity pursued him ; and the revengeful stroke of a bold, tho' open enemy, laid him low in earth. No blustering cannon retold the heavens the moment of his birth, but when he died, thousands upon thousands felt the palpitating heart ; the tear of pity trickling down their cheeks. Look at yonder cemetery,† it is embowelled with the ashes of many a brave man, who fell in the cause of virtue : their wives and children sprinkled their tears over their cold remains, and gave them to the earth ; it is henceforth dedicated to immortality.

We cheer the warrior with the idea that brave actions shall long survive even death itself. By why the warrior alone ? The good man and the magistrate shall

\* Alluding to the death of Hamilton, and the monument erected by the Vestry of Trin. Church.

† The Wallabout.



alike lie embalmed within the closest texture of the brain. They shall not die; they shall flourish in the wonted verdure of their lives.

Oh! memory, how I revere that steady lustre which for ever emanates from thee, and sweetly dazzles my every sense. When at midnight I stretch my wearied limbs upon my couch, and the lamp but faintly glimmers on the hearth, thou memory, fondly usurpest the empire of my brain, and summonest to thy aid the distant much-lov'd friend; the pastures of the spring, or of some distant land; the ways of armies, and of worlds. Till age shall dim my sight, and with an imperious sway rule over my brain, let me be to thee one of thy fondest children; let me contemplate the storied pile, trace the sculptured urn, or the historic page. While I can calmly view the shocks of time, memory, kindly assist me; and when thou shalt fail me, let me, the ensuing moment, yield up my breath in tranquil slumbers.

F.

*To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.*

SIR,

THE tastes and pursuits of men are proverbially as various as their faces and tempers; and the degrees of industry which they exercise for the attainment of the object proposed, and of success or failure, in consequence, are scarcely less observable. Perseverance, generally, triumphs over difficulty, and gains its reward. Of the truth of this position, numberless proofs might be offered. The one I intend to advance, while it corroborates the fact, that industry commands success, will, I hope, afford your readers some entertainment considered as an imperfect notice of a "strange" character.

MR. STRANGE, for such was our hero's name, during a considerable part of his younger years, was a *barrow man* (porter)

in the city of Edinburgh. He was stout and well made, and lived temperately. He had always been fond of dancing, and, considering his circumstances, made very considerable proficiency in the art. At length, notwithstanding the want of even a common education, and an almost total ignorance of polite life, he conceived the idea of abandoning the barrow, and becoming one of the most fashionable and accomplished of men—a *dancing master*. The difficulties he had to encounter in the prosecution of his favourite scheme were immense. Though he danced well, at the time he formed this resolution, considered as a *porter*, yet he knew nothing scientifically of the art, nor had the means of regularly acquiring the necessary knowledge. His friends ridiculed his plan as the most preposterous ever imagined; and endeavoured by advice at one time, and sneers at another, to divert him from his purpose. But in vain: he was not to be deterred by any obstacle or opposition. Adopting the most rigid economy, with regard both to time and money, he persevered in his plan.

After toiling through the day in his proper vocation, he attended at night all the penny-weddings he could hear of. (a penny-wedding signifies a marriage among the low, the dance after which, any one may attend by giving a trifle to the fiddler.) He also took some private lessons, for he could not yet appear in a genteel company. By degrees he improved himself so far as to be fit to teach those of his own rank, who did not care for refinement, provided they had fun enough. Accordingly he commenced his career as instructor. Having a restless ambition to excel in the art, he took the utmost pains to prepare himself for his scholars, and thus was constantly acquiring as well as imparting the requisite knowledge. At length he ventured to visit the ball room. Here was a fresh stimulus for his application. Seeing such ease and elegance of movement, he was astonished and transported, and resolved

to be, if possible, ten times more assiduous in cultivating this, as he conceived, most sublime of all studies. Dint of industry and observation rendered him at length an adept in dancing; he began to be known and talked of; his school received daily accessions of genteel pupils; and the aim of all his industry and perseverance seemed to be gained. But this was not enough for our hero. Fully impressed with the opinion that the science of dancing was the most interesting and important of all, and that no pains nor expence could be too great in order to bring it to perfection, he not only visited Paris, the focus of fashion, nine several times, but actually attended Dr. Munro's anatomical lectures, that he might ascertain the relative position and power of the *muscles* of the human body, the better to adapt his instructions to his pupils. It can easily be believed after this account, that Mr. Strange was the most scientific and popular teacher in the city. He rapidly acquired a fortune, and, probably, was the richest dancing-master in Britain.

Having heard a great deal of this singular character, when in Edinburgh, I was induced to visit one of his public balls, in order to see him. It was held in the assembly-room, the most spacious in the kingdom. According to a computation made on the occasion at least three hundred of his pupils were on the floor in the course of the evening. Fifteen hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. Mr. Strange was at this time about seventy years of age. His dress on the occasion was altogether magnificent—he wore a scarlet coat richly trimmed with gold-lace, white satin waist-coat and breeches, diamond knee and shoe buckles, a superb tye-wig, and immense cocked hat. He carried in his hand a speaking trumpet, with which he addressed the musicians, of whom I observed five and twenty in the orchestra. I had here the most satisfactory evidence of his excellence in the art which had been the study of his life, and his enthusiastic regard for



it. Though arrived at so advanced a period, he several times danced with the utmost ease and elegance. Minuets he considered the test of perfection in the science, and in these he moved with a correctness and grace that never failed to produce reiterated plaudits. Fatigued as he must have been, not only by the exertions he used in dancing, but by the unremitted attention he paid to the business of the evening, he never once retired from the room, and took no refreshment except the occasional application of an orange to his mouth, for upwards of seven hours.

His mind having never been cultivated, he possessed a very shallow understanding, and was therefore very vain and ostentatious. At one of his public exhibitions, he instructed the music to strike up, as he entered the room—

He comes, he comes, the Hero comes.

The infirmities of age at length overcame him, and he died leaving an example of almost unparalleled industry, but applied to such a purpose as no reflecting mind can approve.

#### SATURDAY, FEB. 7.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

From the Halifax Royal Gazette of Jan. 12.

The brig Adventure, capt. Hills, has just arrived from Nevis, after a passage of 30 days.—Capt. H. brought no papers, but confirms the news of the arrival of 15,000 troops at Barbadoes, and the arrival of a packet from England, with the intelligence of the defeat of the French army by the Prussians and Russians. Capt. H. further states, that about 100 sail of vessels of war, and transports, with troops on board, had assembled at Dominica, and were hourly expected to go against Martinique.

#### Communication.

SIR,

I beg leave to present you with an account of a singular duel which took place at St. Domingo, between a colonel and a merchant, both men of color. It appeared that some misunderstanding, though not of much importance, existed between the parties, and a challenge was the consequence. When arrived at the ground, it was agreed to throw up a copper for the first fire, and the one to whom it fell should deliberately blow out the brains of the other, who agreed to make no opposition. The fire fell to the merchant, who withdrew a few paces, and wheeling about, advanced toward the colonel. But such was the astonishing courage of the latter, who, unarmed, awaited with the utmost composure, the dire event which was to close his earthly existence, that his antagonist, in the triumph of his heart, declared he was too brave a man to suffer such a death, and immediately threw his pistol to the ground. The colonel, irritated at what he termed the cowardice of his opponent, advanced to his second, and, seizing a pistol, discharged its contents through the head of him, who a few moments before had preserved his life. This relation, sir, is correct—I saw the unhappy sufferer mangled in the most shocking manner, the ball having passed entirely through his head.

We received, during the last week, several letters from different subscribers, each expressing a wish to obtain the numbers from 1 to 8, inclusive, of the *fourth* volume of the Weekly Visitor. In order to save our friends and ourselves further expence, two of the letters being post-paid) we observe, that three months from the commencement of said volume, the number of papers printed were subscribed for. Of the fifth volume we have published a greater number.—Persons at a distance, and others, may obtain them from the commencement, on our usual terms.

The gentleman who sent us the account of a marriage at Princeton, is informed that we never insert a request of this nature, without the name of the person making it. Likewise, in such cases, the postage of letters should be paid.

#### MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Cooper, Mr. William Chardavoyne, to Mrs. Ann Kip, widow of Garrit Kip, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Joseph C. Dyer, to Miss Charlotte Pettengill, both of this city.

At Fishkill, on Saturday evening, 24th instant, by the rev. George Barkalo, the rev. Cornelius D. Westbrook, to Miss Hannah Van Wyck, daughter of Isaac Van Wyck, Esq.

#### Tortoise Shell Combs.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT

OF

#### TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. S M I T H,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,



At the New-York Hair Powder and perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.

S M I T H'S

Purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete, in a small compass.

Odours of roses, for smelling bottles. Violet and palm soap, 2s per square. His chymical blacking cakes, 1s 6d. Almond powder, for the skin, 8s per lb.

His circassia, or antique oil, for curling, glossing, and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle

Highly improved, sweet-scented, hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll. Roled do 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions. 6s 9s and 12s per bottle, or three dollars per quart.

His Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 8s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder 1s per lb.

violet double scented do. 1s. 6d do.

beautiful rose powder 2s. 6d do.

Highly improved hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll, double 2s.

His white almond wash ball 2 & 3s. each. common ditto 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do. Ditto vegetable ditto. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, cures roughness and chaps leaves the skin smooth, 2s & 4s. per box.

Savonnette royal paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth-powder, for the teeth and gums, 2s. & 4s. per box.





*For the Lady's Miscellany*

SELECTED.

### THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

THE tears I shed must ever fall,  
I mourn not for an absent swain ;  
For thought my past delights recall,  
And parted lover's meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,  
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er ;  
And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,  
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll'd between,  
If certain that that his heart is near,  
A conscious transport glads each scene,  
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.

Even when by Death's cold hand remov'd,  
We mourn the tenant of the tomb ;  
To think that even in death he lov'd,  
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter, are the tears  
Of her who slighted love bewails ;  
No hope her dædary prospect cheats,  
No pleasing melancholy hails.

Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,  
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy ;  
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side :  
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

Even conscious virtue cannot cure  
The pangs to every feeling due ;  
Ungenerous youth ! thy boast how poor—  
To steal a heart, and break it too.

In vain does memory renew  
The hours once ting'd in transport's dye ;  
The sad reverse soon starts to view,  
And turns the thought to agony.

No cold approach, no altered mein,  
Just what could make suspicion start ;  
No pause the dire extremes between—  
He made me blest—and broke my heart !

From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,  
Neglected, and neglecting, all,  
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,  
The tears I shed must ever fall.

C

### COMMUNICATION.

Yes, while I linger far away,  
Remembrance oft shall soothe my mind,  
And paint with glowing hues the day  
When first I saw thee fair and kind.

How oft ill think upon that hour,  
When first thy looks and eyes confest  
Each secret wish, and own'd love's power  
Had fann'd the flame within thy breast !

Yet, once before we part, once more  
From thy ripe lips one kiss bestow,  
And bid me feel, as oft before,  
My heart with kindling rapture glow.

And O forgive the jealous fear,  
While far away from thee I rove,  
And anxious pour the bitter tear,  
And think on all our former love.

Let no fond youth with siren strain  
Entice and lure thy heart from me ;  
And nought, I swear, shall break the chain  
Which binds my willing soul to thee !

Then give again that kiss, my fair,  
Affection's surest tenderest seal,  
And I will chase each rising care,  
And hush each jealous doubt I feel.

HENRY.

### To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR.

In turning over the pages of a French book,  
the other day, I met with the following singular  
anecdote of revenge. I beg you to give it a place  
in the Lady's Miscellany.

An English lady, being upon her death bed,  
desired to see her husband ; and, after having  
roused his curiosity by a detail of her past suf-  
ferings from him, she conjured him to pardon  
her, in her last moments, an offence which she  
had committed against him. The husband hav-  
ing assured her of an ample forgiveness of every  
thing, she confessed that she had been guilty of  
infidelity to his bed. " Well, replied the hus-

band, I expect the same forgiveness from you  
which you have received from me." This the  
lady promised in the sincerity of her heart —  
" Then, added the husband, having discovered  
the infidelity you have just now acknowledged to  
me, I poisoned you—and this is the cause that  
you are now dying.

### For the Lady's Miscellany.

WE must allow that there are some virtues,  
which, though one would be glad to have *within*  
call, one wishes never may be called for. Pa-  
tience is one of them. She is an excellent physi-  
cian to a diseased mind, but would any body de-  
sire to be sick for the sake of having a doctor,  
even though it were the infallible Esculapius him-  
self?

As often as we are oppressed by evils, resulting  
from our own mismanagement, unexpected acci-  
dents, or the inscrutable views of Providence, our  
business is to suffer with decency—and our duty  
to improve by suffering.

Past time is frequently thought better of than  
the present ; though the one is neither more nor  
less fortunate than the other ; because the anx-  
ieties that embittered the days that are gone, are  
softened if not forgotten : so that while we are  
alive to all the cares and disquietudes of the pre-  
sent, we remember only the enjoyments of the  
past : something like a weary traveller, who looks  
back upon the road that he has journeyed. Its  
fertile extent, and woods, and waters are beauti-  
ful, and he remembers not with how many weary  
steps he traversed it.

ADDISON says, that a dog has been the com-  
panion of man for 3,000 years and has only learn-  
ed of him his vices—that is, to worry his species  
when he finds them in distress. Tie a saucepan  
to a dog's tail, and another will fall on him—  
put a man in prison for debt, and another will  
lodge a detainer against him.

### TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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for a less term than one year.

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